

# THE MESSENGER



## OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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J. DAVIS

# CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

**ORIGIN AND AIM:** The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical. Medical, Educational.

**GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION:** The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

**SPIRIT:** The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

\* \* \* \*

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

\* \* \* \*

**OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:**  
White Sisters Convent  
319 Middlesex Avenue  
Metuchen, New Jersey

## THE MESSENGER OF

## OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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### SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

### TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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# Sister Irena Writes From Nyasaland



**I**T WAS a beautiful day in June, 1944, when we left Metuchen. How full life has been since then. Real mission life hardly can be imagined until one experiences it. We have become thoroughly acclimated and are completely at home in our new surroundings.

## At School

I am deep in class work and find it most interesting. My four fifteen year old pupils in Standard VI attend class in our nice big school building. This is the first year for this grade but it has become compulsory in all the government schools.

Requirements are becoming increasingly more rigid and the children are studying hard to be able to pass the examinations in September. Those whose grades are satisfactory will go to Bembeke for three years before receiving their English Grade Teacher Certificate. They have a full schedule—Grammar, Arithmetic, Hygiene and Physiology, Geography, Nature Study and Agriculture, and all the classes are in English. They find their studies especially difficult, in view of the fact, that they had six years of English in four.

But they do very well considering the lack of advantages. African children are usually intelligent and clever and it is amazing how quickly they learn. They are very lovable and devoted, and though they are naughty sometimes, it isn't very often.

## Devotion to the Blessed Virgin

Our Lady has guarded the children in a special way since the opening of the Boarding School in 1940. They love their Heavenly Mother and often sing hymns to her. The school is dedicated to Mary and in the past months we have had some almost miraculous escapes from death through her intercession. We are truly grateful to the loving protection which averted these misfortunes.

## Higher Standards

Here at Likuni the school and hospital are running smoothly, except for the difficulty of keeping up with the new regulations. The

English government is striving to improve the living conditions of the natives by every possible means, and though it means more work for us, we are happy to cooperate.

The White Fathers are a little less fortunate. They have the added responsibilities of parishioners and the operations of the mission, and like everywhere, there are deceptions and disappointments. Their greatest obstacle is probably the evil dances and the shocking superstitions, that are so deeply rooted in the native mentality, preventing many pagans from entering the church. There are many Catholics and good ones too, but they must struggle to keep the Faith, sometimes even to a heroic degree. Much prayer and sacrifice are needed and many, many vocations. I am hoping that some of my pupils will enter the Native Sister Novitiate. It is a great consolation to us when a vocation is found among our children; we consider it some sort of a miracle of grace. The Native Sisters are invaluable aids to the missionaries. You should see the nice little convent where the four we have here live and their lovely little garden. They are as happy as can be and all absorbed in their respective duties.

## Visiting the Neighboring Villages

Another of our activities are weekly, or rather, daily excursions as we each have a day a week to visit our assigned villages which we keep in touch with regularly. Thus we are able to give individual attention and do a regular apostolate. Furthermore, on Sundays and holidays we can go to any village to see one of our former acquaintances or to keep an eye on children or adults who are not too well. Old people are especially closely watched as they are usually well disposed to receive instruction and be Baptised before they die.

## Helena Marie

This week, Pentecost Monday, we left early in the morning and made a day of it, as we do quite often. There were three White Sisters and two Native Sisters in the group.

By 7:30 we were on our way, by bicycle of course. They are valuable beyond words in the missions. The road was good so we made good time. We stopped in all the villages on the way seeing many old friends and meeting the families of some of our pupils.

We were cordially received in some villages but in others more timidly so.

Our destination was an outpost of the White Fathers, thirteen miles away, to visit a blind lady seventy years old. The entire village is Catholic, including her family, but on the previous occasions when we tried to persuade her to become a Christian, she remained indifferent. But this time, to our astonishment, we found her in the best disposition. She chatted intelligently with us for a long time accepting all the doctrines of the Church and expressing her desire to be baptized. You can imagine our joy. My kind companions allowed me the honor of baptizing her, my first adult Baptism. Many women gathered around reciting the prayers and she repeated aloud the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity. It was very impressive. A visible sign of the grace of God in a soul is one of the real joys of a missionary. Helena Marie will not remain long in this world being very feeble and frail.

#### On Our Way

After about an hour and a half it was time for lunch, which we ate beside a delightful stream. We said our Rosary and then were

her eyes slowly and when she saw my white face with the black glasses, I had forgotten to remove them, she howled in fright. She tried to chase me away by throwing sand but a big fat orange quickly appeased her and won her friendship.

#### The Good Accomplished

We found another lady in extreme pain with a terrible wound that was all gangrenous. We persuaded her husband to take her to the hospital and she arrived day before yesterday. We visited her and she was happy to be there. Her pain had lessened so she was able to sleep. We always seek the sick on our little trips as a way of accomplishing much good.

Further on we met a Catechist whom we instructed in the manner of administering the Sacrament of Baptism, as his aged pagan mother will undoubtedly pass away soon. Later we learned he used the knowledge to Baptize another woman the night before she died. How searching are the ways of the Lord.

#### Chapel in the Brushwood

We visited the little church of the White Fathers and found it neat and well kept, con-



Native Sisters'  
Novitiate,  
Bembeke, Nyasaland.

back on the road again. The welcome at the next village was rather cold, probably due to the fact that they don't see us very often.

Seeing a little child lying on a mat in the sun with a blanket over her head, and fearing that she was ill, we peeped underneath and found a little girl burning with fever and covered with perspiration. She opened

sidering that it is deep in the brush and that Mass is said there only every few weeks. The confessional consisted of a mound of cement and a few boards with a cement step on which to kneel. We compared this humble church to the beautiful cathedrals at home, not enviously, for we actually prefer the sim-

( Please turn to page 70 )

# After Waiting Ten Years

By Sister M. Leonce, W.S.



Sister M. Leonce

*Editor's Note: When Reverend Mother General returned to Africa after visiting our Convents in Canada, the United States, and having decided the foundation of our U. S. Training Center at Belleville, Illinois, her travelling companion was Sister M. Leonce (Miss Jeanne De Jordy, Chicopee Falls, Mass.) Immediately after her religious profession at our Motherhouse in Algiers, Sr. Leonce had received her appointment for Metuchen, to do promotion work. Now after ten years of travelling through the North, East and Middle West of our country, the welcome call, from the African Missions, has come. We know the good wishes and prayers of all who have met Sister, accompany her for fruitful apostolate in Africa.*

It is Reverend Mother's desire that I interest you in the mission project of St. Anne's in the Casbah of Algiers. Since my arrival, I have been there several times and visited the place from the cellar to the roof or terrace, as they call it here. It is a great project situated in the center of the Casbah, a splendid location to contact the Arabs in large numbers, and the most miserable and destitute, one could imagine. It is simply pitiful. The Americans have seen and are more than grateful to God that this was spared to their loved ones and themselves; yet we could have been one of these as well as not. I am sure they are ready to do anything to alleviate this unbelievable misery of both body and soul.

The house is rented for the time being, this was Reverend Mother's great worry when at Metuchen, she feared having to abandon the whole undertaking. God as usual watches when we think He is asleep—but the rent has to be paid. The Sisters try to have enough fancy work made by the girls to meet their budget, the whole place needs repairs and improvement. For instance the Sisters who sleep on the roof have to dress completely to get water and the obligatory comforts of life. They climb four stair-cases with their dinner in hand, the kitchen is a dark hole, the floors, walls, ceilings, etc., all need urgent attention. Yet it is the place if we want to work for these poor people.

This is something new, the Natives now pay a small fee for care received and for schooling, to impress on their mind that our being there for them is worth a little consideration. They gladly do it for it is so small that it does not even cover the expenses of medicine, food and tuition. If more funds could be had through the charity of people, more children and sick could be reached. We are for the time being the only ones to help them financially and be it God's Holy Will with vocations also.

I have not yet received my trunk and cannot leave for the missions without it, so I am visiting and getting acquainted with everyone. I had a ride in a little donkey cart, the cutest thing you ever saw.

Last Sunday, we went to St. Anne's for the Silver Jubilee of their foundation. We had coffee Arabian style, sitting on the floor on cushions around the coffee table, and Arabian pastries were served. Very nice.

At our cemetery I prayed remembering all those you would wish to pray for. I am very lucky and have not stopped thanking God for the pleasure of seeing Africa again. The Calla lilies are blooming and other flowers also.

Everyone is very much interested in the U. S. The American products receive a big and appreciated welcome. The tractors assure the daily bread. Please do not forget the 1949 Charity Sale, our first one this year was a success, many many thanks.

All who would contribute towards the needs of St. Anne's Center in the Casbah of Algiers, will be happy to learn that ST. ANNE'S BURSE is started for their convenience at our Metuchen Convent. \$50,000. is needed for this burse. Expense of rent is \$170. monthly.



# THE MISSIONS

## Hoima, Uganda

Thank you for the lovely cards and pictures arrived in time for distribution at Christmas. God bless you, and all who make it possible to give joy to our Christians, children and all.

We had a lovely Christmas, Midnight Mass for the men, High Mass, and again another High Mass at 9:30 a.m. for everyone. I was consoled to see so many people pray at least on the Feast of the Divine Child. May He draw them near to His Sacred Heart and teach them His love. It is so hard for them here, only one mission for so many people and such distances. At least in Buganda (another province of Uganda) there are a great many missions compared with here and so near each other. Here the distances are heartbreaking, and how can the people travel fifty odd miles away, receive the Sacraments, keep to the track, narrow as it is, and see the Priest only two or three times a year!

Pray the Lord of the Harvest to send missionaries to His mission-fields, we could do with two, three and four times as many and no one would have too little to do. And Sisters! Are they answering the Call. Have you many young girls asking to serve the Divine Master in the distant fields? Please God they will come, good ones, we need them so badly. We are not getting enough to replace our dear old Sisters who keep on going as a matter of habit. I often wonder how long some of them will be able to continue and we need more!

My prayers are fervent for you "behind the lines."

Mother M. Mildred, W.S.

\* \* \*

## Kisubi, Uganda

In October, Brother Alphonse de Ligouri arrived at Kisubi and told us that a harmonium was on its way here. You can imagine our joy, Father Superior was especially happy at seeing one of his cherished dreams coming true. Our imagination ran high those days . . . the harmonium was large . . . we could almost hear the sound . . . At last we were notified it had reached Entebbe and one of the Brothers went to get it. When he saw the case, he thought to himself that was just what he wanted for the Boys' Chapel . . . But it was addressed to the Sisters so he delivered it here on our veranda and no one dared touch it till in the evening two Fathers

came to open the case, one is a professional at it . . . the harmonium came out triumphant, but unfortunately the two bellows were broken! It was turned over to me for repairs, two days later it was all mended and oh marvel the sound, while faint, was pure and harmonious. The news went around, all wanted it but it was decided that it would be for the Chapel of the good Brother in charge of the Technical School. Brother was sorry though because it was too small for the Parish Church, and we are still looking for one.

All the other contents of this box were very much appreciated and everything is useful in this sunny country.

Sister Mathias Kalembo, W.S.

\* \* \*

## Catholic Population in White Fathers' Mission Territory

A mere two million Catholics is not impressive in itself; the U.S.A. has close to twenty-five million. But there are 40,000 priests in the States making a proportion of 1 to 625 faithful, whereas there are only 1,454 priests to care for 2,264,526 native Catholics in our mission fields.

. . . and STILL continue the instruction of another 750,000 catechumens.

. . . and STILL make advances towards the other 28,000,000 souls outside the Church.

Missionary Brothers and Sisters are indispensable to organize mission work. Alas, they are too few! The number of Brothers in our territory has decreased and the Sisters were able to spare only sixty members last year compared to eighty-four Fathers who have gone to reinforce Christ's army in Africa.

## From White Fathers Missions.

\* \* \*

## Karema, Tanganyika.

On August 15th, the sixty-second anniversary of the first Mass said in Karema, Bishop Holmes Seidle made his triumphal entry into his old mission station where, as a young priest he had worked nine years with great zeal. I say triumphal for it was nothing less. It could not have been done with more splendour and honour. At 6 a.m. just after our meditation we heard the drum at the Fathers' being beaten more noisily and longer than usual—it was the arrival of the "Liamba," the mail steamer coming down to Karema.

# IS MARCH ON

She brings our mail from abroad every three weeks. Now the "Liemba" had dropped her anchor earlier than usual; we heard the people in the village saying: "It is the steamer, hurry up!" So all the boarders, Native Sisters, and White Sisters went down the hill to the Lake. It was true, the "Liemba" was letting down her motor boat carrying Bishop Siedle, our so long expected Bishop. The shore was black with people. As the motor-boat neared land, four natives stepped into the water to carry the Bishop ashore. All of a sudden a "you-you" (shout of greeting) broke out so loudly that one had to stop one's ears. The people rushed forward to greet their Father. The White Fathers, the Sisters and Native Sisters all greeted His Excellency and kissed his ring. Then an armchair, decorated with coloured bands and fixed on two poles was brought before His Lordship. The Bishop took the seat and was carried high upon the shoulders of four men, visible to the crowd which did not cease its joyous cries. They carried His Excellency up the hill, a walk of about a quarter of an hour, and then to the church. The pathway from the Fathers' to the church was decorated with banners and coloured poles. The bearers stopped at the church porch and our Most Reverend Bishop entered to say Mass, while the choir sang: "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord."

Regularly during the year the Missionary Fathers undertake to visit the outposts of the mission. It is not seldom that a mission Parish extends to the size of a diocese in U. S.

After Mass the people again carried their new Bishop to the Fathers' house. Later he assisted at High Mass from the throne and sang with the people. The village Chief came to greet him, and His Excellency proceeded to the Convent. He spoke to us in his cordial way, of the ceremonies of his consecration in England, told us all about the Fathers and Sisters there; his visit to the Holy Father; his joy of being back in the midst of his children; his new plans for the Vicariate of Karema; his new Mission of Mambwe; about the Native Priests—this year there will be twenty native Priests in the Vicariate; also about the plans for a new Novitiate and Postulate for the Native Sisters, etc. . . .

During the following week His Excellency attended an entertainment given by the Seminarists, the native dances at the Boys' School, and the same at the Girls' School. The Bishop said that it was the first time he had seen native girls acting and he seemed very pleased.

On the following Sunday, to terminate the festivities, Karema was all flags and flowers because Bishop Siedle ordained a native Priest, Padri Carolus of Karema.

Sr. M. Alphonse de Ligouri, W.S.



## SISTER IRENA WRITES FROM NYASALAND

(Concluded from page 66)

plicity of the brush. Our needs are few and we think of ourselves as living as princesses, not even noticing our crude surroundings. We love our little brick convent which is nice, but very poor. There are seven of us at this post, so we enjoy a regular family life.

### Homeward Bound

The day was drawing to a close so we ate the rest of our lunch before starting for home. We had an hour and a half of swift bicycling to do so it was dark before we arrived at the mission. Luckily there was a moon as we had twenty minutes to go on a narrow path through tall grass. We arrived home tired but happy with our day, all eager to tell of our experiences to the others.

### Early Start . . .

Another day we had planned a similar trip to a neighboring village. Being the time-keeper, I rang the morning bell, 4:30 being our usual rising time. But when we arrived at the chapel, I noticed it was only 3:30. We all had a good laugh over the incident, especially because of my reputation of being able to sleep. Anyhow we got an early start.

We visited a lady and her daughter, both of whom have elephantiasis. Their hut, a little apart from the village, is the most miserable I have ever seen. Despite their efforts, each time we visit them, we must start at the first lesson of making the Sign of the Cross, which they never seem able to grasp, or the Our Father and the Hail Mary, which they never are able to remember. Because they looked half starved we would bring them peanuts, the natives being very fond of them.

Then one day as we arrived at the hut as usual, we found it near collapse and our friends gone. We located them this week in a distant village and found the old woman very ill. She had always refused to go to the hospital but entreated to be taken there now. When two natives arrived the next morning with the hand cart, which serves as an ambulance, she was unable to be moved. We hurried over to make her a "child of God," and though she assured us she had prayed often in her heart to God and accepted all the Doctrines, she refused to be Baptized.

The house was crowded with people, but by an act of Providence, they were all called

away and she quickly begged to be Baptized in secret, saying she had been afraid to have the villagers know of her conversion. It was the last day in May so we named her Maria.

The work of the Holy Ghost is truly ineffable in the humble and lowly. When there is a Baptism like this, it makes all the sacrifice and fatigue of these journeys seem as nothing.

### The Weather in Nyasaland

The climate is ideal. The rains begin over now, we are beginning the Winter season. The mornings are cool but the sun gets quite hot during the day. We wear cotton all year round. The weather furnishes few occasions for sacrifice but there are others to make up for it, and rightly so, for the life of a missionary was not meant to be an easy one.

With the coming of the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart let us be united in prayer and sacrifice in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary that we may each be fervent missionaries in the place assigned to us by Divine Providence. There are many, many souls yet to be saved. Send us more vocations as they are badly needed.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

### RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

A Friend of the Little Flower  
St. Martha School, Morlan Grove, Ill.  
Sacred Heart School, Worcester, Mass.  
Mrs. Fanjoine  
Miss Hildenbrand  
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### PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss M. M. Santori

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Mrs. M. Byrnes  
Miss Julia Coffey  
Miss Juliana A. Twomey



# The Magic Tree

Sr. M. Adolphina, W.S.

**B**EFORE COMING TO MOMBASA, I spent a few months, on my arrival in the Missions, in the pleasant country of Uganda, land of banana trees. After so limited a sojourn, I do not feel justified in writing an appreciation of the spiritual, moral, educational or political situation of Uganda, but I will try to write a few lines on something of a more material nature, which plays a strikingly important part in the daily life of the Baganda, viz. the banana-tree.

Strictly speaking, I believe I should be more accurate in calling it the plantain-tree, but I shall stick to the more popular name. First of all, the fruit of this particular species of banana-tree is to the Muganda native what bread is to us. "Matooke," which look like extremely green bananas, and are most insipid to our uninitiated taste, are the Muganda's staple food and chief delight, and are grown in his own "lusuku" (plantation). Should any shortage of "Matooke" occur, life is hardly worth living!

Now for the uses of banana leaves: in the actual cooking of the "Matooke" they are used as lining to the family cooking-pot, and also as lid; and, when the steaming mass is ready to be served at mealtime, the "lining" becomes a giant dish, being deposited together with its contents on the ground in the midst of the circle of eager fingers and watering mouths.

I was lucky enough, during my brief stay to have the chance of going on a three days' excursion to a village at a distance from Kisubi, where I was still further enlightened as to the manifold uses of the banana leaf. As we trudged from one hut to the next in the pouring rain, the girls who accompanied us sheltered us as best they could with banana-leaf umbrellas. I wish I could draw you a picture of the procession! It might set up a demand in U. S. for an export of the latest model banana-leaf umbrellas from Uganda! What a sensation there would be on Fifth Avenue when this "latest fashion"

appeared. Being water-proof, these wonderful leaves might even be manufactured into novelty rain-coats!

But, to return to the point, on the first evening of the excursion, I was delighted to find that water had been provided for the Sisters' ablutions, in wash-basins each made of a knotted banana-leaf. Unfortunately, the knots in mine were not quite tight enough, or not quite in the right places for I had a rather breathless time trying to prop up my "bowl" so that the last inch of water should not escape before I had completed my toilet!

The banana fibre too, which is stripped from the trunk of the tree, is put to a multitude of uses, while the leaf is used as paper whenever a parcel has to be made, the fibre provides the string. On Father Superior's feast, a small boy—on behalf of the Boys' Boarding School—solemnly presented him with a hen, well enveloped by its wrappings of banana paper and string, but very much alive and kicking!

A favorite game with these same little boarders is football played with a home-made ball of banana fibre; the girls use the same for their basket-ball, and it is surprising how much fun they manage to get out of it.

( Concluded on the following page )



Umbrella from the "Magic Tree"

## SISTER IRENA WRITES FROM NYASALAND

( Concluded from page 66 )

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appeared. Being water-proof, these wonderful leaves might even be manufactured into novelty rain-coats!

But, to return to the point, on the first evening of the excursion, I was delighted to find that water had been provided for the Sisters' ablutions, in wash-basins each made of a knotted banana-leaf. Unfortunately, the knots in mine were not quite tight enough, or not quite in the right places for I had a rather breathless time trying to prop up my "bowl" so that the last inch of water should not escape before I had completed my toilet!

The banana fibre too, which is stripped from the trunk of the tree, is put to a multitude of uses, while the leaf is used as paper whenever a parcel has to be made, the fibre provides the string. On Father Superior's feast, a small boy—on behalf of the Boys' Boarding School—solemnly presented him with a hen, well enveloped by its wrappings of banana paper and string, but very much alive and kicking!

A favorite game with these same little boarders is football played with a home-made ball of banana fibre; the girls use the same for their basket-ball, and it is surprising how much fun they manage to get out of it.

( Concluded on the following page )



Umbrella from the "Magic Tree"

## THE MAGIC TREE

( Concluded )

In schools and training Colleges, especially during the war when it was impossible to get materials from abroad, many pretty table-mats, baskets, photo-frames and even doormats, and a good deal of school apparatus, were ingeniously made from banana-fibre of different shades of brown.

Even toys, such as dolls and animals of various sorts, can be fabricated in much the same way as the stuffed toys children love in Europe, the only difference being that every part of the article, including the thread with which it is sewn, is provided by the banana tree.

Probably someone who has lived longer than I in "banana-tree-land" would be able to prolong much further and much more eloquently the praises of this amazingly useful tree. I might just add something else that struck me, though it may not be a universal custom; for in a certain hut where I went to pray beside a dead Muganda woman awaiting burial, what should I notice beneath the corpse to raise it from the ground but some pieces of the trunk of the inevitable banana-tree! It seemed as if this faithful tree, wished to serve even after death the mistress who had tended it so carefully during her life.

## OBITUARY

*Right Rev. Msgr. E. Dunphy, Dunellen, N. J.*

*Right Rev. Msgr. M. Callahan, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.*

*Right Rev. Msgr. F. Sullivan, Albion, N. Y.*

*Rev. J. F. McDonnell, Springfield, Mass.*

*Reverends M. Lans, J. Hinkelbein, V. Dante, M. Hall-jell, E. Verjuth, Brother Placide, all Members of the Society of the White Fathers.*

*Sister M. Auxiliatrice, W.S. Algeria*

*Sister M. Brigitte, W.S.*

*Sister M. Sigrid, W.S., Germany*

*Sister Andree-Marie, W.S., Bobo-Dioulasso, French West Africa.*

*Sister St. Claire, S.G.C., Lowell, Mass.*

*Sister M. Mediatrice Botelho Maryknoll Sisters*

*Sister M. Antonia Sodya*

*Mr. E. Robichaud, Meteghan Center, N. S.*

*Mr. H. Smith, Longmeadow, Mass.*

*Mrs. B. Steinbacher, Jersey City, N. J., Guild Member*

*Mrs. F. A. Vanasse, Lowell, Mass.*

*Mrs. S. Smith, Bogota, N. J.*

*Mrs. Helen Liebentritt*

*Mr. A. Gaulin, Lowell, Mass.*

*Mrs. E. Vallee*

*Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Dublin, Ireland*

*Mr. Fitzmaurice, South Africa*



What  
Can  
You  
Give ?

# A Postulant Writes ...

Dear Mother Loretta,

Already eleven days have passed since I arrived here—eleven days of total happiness, and I can't thank Heaven enough for the great privilege granted me.

Your letter arrived here last Thursday—as I had left the house the day after Easter. Mother and Dad, and a part of the family accompanied me.

I still can't believe that, at last, I have crossed the threshold leading to religious life. I can well understand your happiness, for I have been here only eleven days, and have already tasted many spiritual joys that exist only in a religious community.

I have much to be thankful to you, Mother Loretta, for your very kind interest in me, and all the time you must have taken, to get me here. Your many letters prior to my entrance, gave me all the courage I needed to tear myself away from all the little luxuries I had allowed myself to become attached to. I did exactly as you said, I turned my back to everything, and thought no more of it.

I have thought of you many times in my prayers, Mother. I hope that everything is fine at Metuchen, and the sisters are all well. I will be looking forward to another glimpse of Metuchen in about a year and a half, if God wills it.

Sincerely,

Marguerite.



Sister M. Claire-Anne, W.S. (Miss M. Gemme) presently a novice, and Sister M. Irena, W.S. (Miss T. Gemme) on mission in Nyasaland. Two sisters from Worcester, Mass.

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.....	For the Study Room (books—\$1, \$2, \$3)
.....	For the Infirmary (medicine, hot water bags, ice bag, thermometers...)
.....	Food and Upkeep
.....	Your own suggestion.



Mrs. Nannie Mack  
500 Jenkins St.  
Greenville, S.C.



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